

## LINES TO MY BED.

I am not fickle, good old bed of mine;  
I am not changed in my honest love;  
Absent from thee, for thy embrace I pine;  
Warmer thy bosom than the brooding dove  
My heart is never cold, old bed, to thee,  
As oft thy snowy sheets have been to me.

What though I linger when the night is new,  
And loiter when the starry hours wane,  
And midnight phantoms ere I come to you,  
Throbs thy white breast with any couger  
pane?

Too oft I am a truant from the nest  
Which off my weary head with joy hath pressed  
But when the rosy fingered hours of dawn  
Touch with prismatic colors all the sky—  
Oh, how I love thee! When the night is gone  
How sweet upon thy restful heart to lie.

And nap and doze and snooze till, peal on peal,  
Rings the third bell for morning's cheery meal  
Ah, then, how can I leave thee, gracious bed!  
Health, peace and quiet rest I find in thee;  
Wrath and defiance hurl I at the head  
That would pronounce divorce 'twixt thee  
and me;

My love for thee, cold as the stars at night,  
Burns like the August sun at morning's light.  
—Robert J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

## A BOOT-BLACK'S STORY.

## Important Role He Played in His "Young Lady's" Destiny.

Say! I don't look much like no Coopid ether, do I? Ain't got no bow an' arrows concealed anyw'eres 'bout my person, an' a blackin'-kit don't look much like a Coopid's bow, do it? Yet all the same I had a hand in a big job uv that there sort, aw'ile ago, and con-gratulate myself that I fulfilled my contrac' purty han'some, too.

Yer see how in the first place I got to know My Young Lady, an' it was this a-way I done it. One day ther' was a mighty fine lookin' lady comin' 'long by the corner w'ere I was polishin' then, — but I've had ter vacate that since, both on 'count uv biz not bein' very thrivin' there, an' by reason uv this here same Coopidin' w'ot I'm a-goin' to tell yer 'bout. But, as I w'ere a-sayin', this 'ere lady was comin' down the street, with a couple of bundles in her hand; an' just as she reached 'bout where I w'ere a-roostin' on the curb-stone a-snappin' of my fingers an' a-whistlin' fer luck, pop! one uv the passels drops right down onto the sidewalk. In course I rustled 'round ter pick ther' thing up an' giv' it back to her, 'cause it come down clost to me; an' any how, I don't 'low ther's any need fer a chap ter be a horg' 'bout no perilliteness, even ef he ain't able fer to sport fine duds an' a gold-topped cane.

Well, w'en I hands that there bundle back to her, she gives me one o' those 'ere real face-lightnin'-up smiles, an' says, with a little bow: "Thank you!" just 's hearty 's if I'd a bin a sure-'nuff swell. I tell yer! I grabb off my ol' head-kiver, an' a-makin' my bes' bow I says: "Yer very welcome!" instant-er. An' after she'd gone long, it come ter me that she w'ere jus' the purties lady I'd seed any w'eres; an' I felt kinder happy-like, clean down to ther' holes in my ole shoes, w'enever I thort uv it, all the rest o' ther' day. Tell yer w'ot! that there smile an' "Thank you!" done me more solid good than all ther' dimes and dinners I'd raked in fer a month. An' says I to myself: "She's a gen'wine lady, she is, an' don't you forgit it!"

After havin' had my notice 'tracted to her that a-way, I seed her quite often; fer, as I soon found 'out, she lived only a block or so off, 'round that same corner, an' she had ter come by whar I was, ev'ry time she went downtown. An' ev'ry time she went by, it 'peared 's if she looked purtier; an' I got kinder lookin' fer 'er, an' a-watchin' uv her after she passed by, an' a-wishin' I might do suthin' fer her, some-time. An' not knowin' uv her name, I took ter callin' uv her, to myself: "My Young Lady," an' one time, as I was a-leanin' uv ag'in' a lamp-post, waitin' fer a job, ses I, kinder confidenshal-like ter the letter-box ontout: "Lordy! don't I wish I was a swell, an' could rig up in my fine clo's an' go a callin' on her? An' don't I envy the fellers wot kin, though?"

Ther was a couple uv chaps as w'ere a-callin' on her, quite reg'lar, too; an' I very soon got ter suspecin' that they w'ere both uv them a-tryin' to git her; an' thinkses I: "I wonder w'ich tree'll make shingles?" Likewise, I resolves to keep an eye on 'em; feelin' an' intrus' in fellers w'at was aimin' at My Young Lady, an' wantin' to see w'ich one uv 'em was best fit to have her, if so be eether uv 'em must. They both uv 'em use ter git ther' boots shined by me; an' I got a purty fair notion uv w'ot they was from that means. Tell yer w'ot it is, the feller w'ot blacks yer boots sometimes gits a better idee uv w'ot kin' uv a man you be, than you'd imagine, mebbe.

One o' the gents was a good, square, honest-lookin' sort uv a feller, not much on beauty, but havin' an eye in him w'ot would make yer feel that w'ot he said was so. He was heart an' soul devoted to My Young Lady, an' jus' fairly worshiped the bricks she trod on, as I see very soon after noticin' 'em out together a couple o' times. At fust I kinder had my doubts, sayin' "nobody is good enuff fer My Young Lady!" But presenly I got ter thinkin' different, an' a feelin' that he was the man fer her; an' I hoped he'd git her! This feller I called, to myself, "Douglas," from the ol' song I use ter hear, 'bout "Douglas, Douglas, tender an' true"; 'cause he looked just that a-way, an' 'rot solid

an' sensiole, too.

But t'other chappie, I never took no stock in him from ther' start-off. He was quite a good-lookin' feller, too, an' a reg'lar swell in his riggin' out; an' he made out that he thort the world'n all uv My Young Lady, w'en he was 'long uv her. But somehow I got ther' notion inter my cocoa-nut that 'twere only hide-deep, an' he w'ere a-fishin' fer her boodle or her face, without carin' no very great amount fer the gal herself. I heard him cuss a good deal, too, w'en he was out o' her way; an' one evenin' I seed him comin' a-swaggerin' along out uv a s'loon down town with a big seegyar in his mouth, tight's a brick, an' swearin' like a trooper. But all the same, she didn't know nawthin' 'bout ther' performances, nor ther' warn't nobody to tell her; an' after a bit I could see that she was rather inclinin' towards him, an' givin' Douglas the col' shoulder.

One day it so happened that this fine young blood came strollin' along pul-lin' at his cig'rette, w'ile Douglas was a-havin' his shoes shined up by me; an' ses he, with a grin: "Heyo, Morton, goin' down along?" noddin' his head to'ards the place w'ere My Young Lady lived. But Morton (which was Douglas, yer know) he jus' looked t'other way, an' never paid no tention to him no more'n if he hadn't 'a spoke.

"Say, Morton," ses t'other feller ag'in, grin'nin' mo're'n ever, "you're rather sourd on me, ain't yer?" No reason fer it, man; might jus' well take it easy; an' anyway 'tain't my fault you got left, you know. Yo' ain't bin callin' down there quite so off'en lately, sence you tried to give her that eye-opener 'bout me, have you? Thought 'twas yer duty to let her know what sort uv a feller I was, did you? I reely did think you had 'nuff sense to know she'd refer it all to yer jealousy, an' think more of me'n ever, out o' contrariness; while 'twas dead sure ter finish up all your chances w'en she thought you'd taken to slanderin'. So I'm much obliged to you fer the assistance you've given me toward gettin' a fine ketch; though appreciatin' w'at your kind intentions regardin' me really w'ere."

All this time Morton never sed a word, an' soon's I'd finished blackin', he bessed me a quarter an' turned on his heel an' walked off. T'other feller pulled his cig'rette cut uv his mouth an' bust out a-lafin' as he watched him, an' stuck out his foot to me fer a shine.

'Bout a week later'n this, two er three uv us fellers, boin' a little flush, clubbed together fer a spree, an' we decided ter go down an' take in the Comique. Well, I hadn't bin in the theayter mo're'n five minutes, 'fore down in one uv ther' front seats I seed this 'ere same swell as had cut poor Douglas out with My Young Lady, with a gal sittin' 'longside uv him, an' both uv 'em mo're'n half full. Then ses I ter myself, right square: "You ain't a-goin' ter git My Young Lady, nohow; even ef I hav' ter take a han' in it myself, my fine feller!" An' all o' a sudden a big plan come inter my head, an' after a little thinkin', ses I to myself, ses I: "By Jiminy! I'll do it!"

Yer see, I knowed that he had a fine gal watch with his name printed onto it, 'cause I'd seed him take a look at it w'ile he was gettin' a shine once; an' as I looked at 'im I seed ther' chain, an' knowed he had it on then, an' that w'ot made me think o' this 'ere plan. So I kep' my eye onto the gent, an' w'en ther' people was all crowdin' out uv the door, after the play, I managed to git jammed right close uv ag'in' him; an' mighty shortly ther'after I w'ere snugly stowed away in a corner uv a dark alley, havin' a fine watch in my pocket, with the name "Thomas G. Blackwell" stamped onto the inside uv the lid. Course it was a little risky, an' was consider'ble rattled, not bein' used ter such biz. But once bein' out uv ther' way I knowed I was safe, fer he w'ot drunk himself to tell who took his tickler, or know w'en he lost it, an' nobody else ketched onto me.

Nex' mornin' the fust thing I does is ter git a pencil an' piece uv paper; an' then I writes a note suthin' like this 'ere:

"DEAR MISS: I hooked this here watch from a gent who was down ter the Theayter Comique with a gal, yesterday evenin', both on 'em bein' badly likkered. But boin' how I'm skeer'd o' gittin' hauled by the cops if I keeps it, an' knowin' that this here gent, Mister Blackwell, calls at yer house sometimes, I ax you ter please giv' it ter him fer me. I dassent sen' it ter him myself fer fear he might track me someway, and nab me arter all.

"Very Respectful, "B."

Yer see I signed "B" 'cause my name's Bill; an' I don't know no other las' one. An' if I did, I wouldn't 'a' cared to stick it onto that there paper too frisky, as you may p'raps imagine. Tell yer w'ot, though, it cos' me a pile or trouble ter jot down them 'ere words so's she'd be able ter read 'em; an' I didn't tempt ter fix up ther' spellin' 'cordin' ter Hoyle, neether. An' then I wraps the 'pistle an' tickler up all nice in some w'ite paper on ther' corner, as innocent an' unconcerned as a billy-goat w'ot's jus' swollered a fresh-stuck concert poster.

W'ot bothered me was how ter git the dorkymunts to the lady. Fust I thort uv boodin' another little feller ter lug it down ter the door fer me; 'cause I wasn't pertickler anxious ter be seed myself. But then I was a-feared it might hitch an' fizzle sommers if I didn't 'tend ter it my own self; so

I fin'ly concludes fer ter risk it, an' hand 'er in direct. So up ter the door I goes, an' rings the bell very bold; an' w'en the gal comes a-gazin' at me very contemptu's an' indignant, I jus' sticks out my passel an' ses: "Pleese giv' this 'ere to the young lady. A feller axed me ter bring it yere, an' sed very pertickler to be sure an' have it giv' ter the young lady," ses I; an' with that, the gal takin' the passel, I skips out the gate an' down the street, appearin' very unsuspectiv' an' inner-cent, but so managin' as to effec' my disappearance 'round the corner very immedjit ther'after.

Well, 'long in th' ev'nin', just as I w'ere a-packin' up my duds ter git out who should come 'long but the very chap himself, all rigged up to kill, a-swingin' of his cane an' a-whistlin' to himself; an' ses I ter my ol' frien' the lamp-post: "I b'leeve that feller's actu'ly got ther' gal to be a-goin' ter call on My Young Lady this very evenin'!" An' if he does, 'twixt you an' me, ther's goin' ter be some fun a-goin' on, an' you jus' bet I ain't a-goin' ter miss it." So I tucks my kit away in a safe stowin'-place, an' foilerin' after, lo an' be-hole! sure enough, my fine Mister Blackwell marches inter ther' front door, w'ile I whips uv inter a dark corner uv the piazzer, back uv some vines, an' right by a winder w'ich, it bein' summer-time, was a leetle ways open, so's I could see an' hear all the goin's-on before the footlights.

Well, I jus' tell yer, My Young Lady did look fine that evenin' w'en she come inter the parlor; an' from ther' fust minnit he seed her, that feller didn't 'pear ter be able fer to keep his eyes offen her. She spoke ter 'im jus' as ple'sant as yer pleese, an' sot down an' went on a-talkin' ter him as perlit an' fre'nly as if she'd never heerd nawthin' ag'in' him; an' I tell yer w'ot 't is, I was beginnin' ter feel p'werful once-er, an' commencin' ter be mighty skeer'd that my daisy little hit had been a "foul an' out," after all, an' that that 'ere cheeky cuss w'ere a-goin' to win ther' match spite or me an' Douglas both. But just 'bout then ses she, ple'sant an' unsuspectiv' like: "W'ot time 's it a-gettin' t' be, Mr. Blackwell, please? 'Cause we don't wan' ter be late ter that concert, you know, an' I'll have to get my things on yet."

Then ther' feller, jus' fer a wink o' yer eye, turns a leetle bit red, an' gives some signs uv bein' rattled; an' then ses he, with a kind or nervus laff: "Ter tell you ther' truth, Miss Harman," ses he, "I ain't got my watch with me this evenin'." I had ter leave it down ter the jeweler's fer some repairin' this afternoon," ses he; an' all ther' w'ile he was a-gittin' out this 'ere lie she w'ere a-lookin' right at 'im, with a mighty queer expresshin' comin' onto her face. Then ses I ter myself, neerly bustin' with wantin' ter chuckle: "By Jingley John! that gives 'im away, dead. 'Cause she's had that same watch ever sence mornin' a-her own self," ses I, "an' she knows he's a-lyin'!"

With that, all uv a sudden, she holds out sumthin' to'ards 'im, an' she ses, ses she: "Is this your watch, Mr. Blackwell? It don't appear to be in much need of repairin'!" ses she: "It seems to be runnin' all right at present."

The feller nigh about fell off'n his cheer, an' he turns as w'ite as a chalk-mark, an' he rips out: "How'n the deuce did you git it?" kinder sudden, afore he'd time ter think."

Well, sir, she seed through 'im right away, then; though afore that I think she'd bin sorter hopin' ther' was a mistake somers 'bout ther' matter, an' he'd be able fer ter clear hisself. An' so, with 'er lip commencin' to curl an' 'er eyes ter flash, ses she: "Would you please first tell me, sir, how you came to lose it, if you weren't too much intoxicated at the time to know; an' also, if 'twouldn't be too much, might I inquire the name uv the lady whom you 'scorted to the The'ter Comique last night, w'en your watch was stolen?"

You could 'a' knocked that chap down with er broom-straw, at fust, he was that taken aback; an' fer a minnit he jus' sot a-starin' at her. Then, all to once, the red come a-rushin' back inter his face; an' bringin' of his fist down onto his knee, with a ha-ha, scornful kind or laff, ses he, a-tween his teeth: "So this is another o' that Arty Morton's sneak tricks, is it? Curse him! I'll git even with 'im yet. But I hope you don't fer a moment b'leeve that—"

"Mr. Morton had nothing w'tover to do with it, sir," she answers back, interruptin' uv 'im short; an' then, I tell yer, she jus' giv' that feller one uv ther' wust layin's-out I ever heerd! Ner she didn't say so very much neether; but he was dead sure w'ot she thought uv 'im, an' didn't want ner need no more w'en she w'ere done with 'im, you bet! An' w'en, at last, he slinked down off'n them front steps, ses I ter myself, very gleefully: "Jus' say yer final 'Aw Revav' fer good 'n' all, mister. Game's up fer you, an' no now deal a comin'!"

An' then, thinkses I, I guess it's about time fer me ter be a-movin', too. But jus' as I w'ere goin' ter start, I seed a cop wanderin' 'long t'other side uv the street; an' so, knowin' that if I 'peared ter 'im of a sudden he might take me fer a burglar an' get a orful shock ter his nerv's sistin. An'

allus havin' a consid'rit pity fer the poor cops anyway, hatin' ter skeer 'em unnecessary, I jes' concluded ter lay low fer a little bit longer. So, while I was a-waitin', I jus' took 'nother peep inter the winder. My Young Lady was a-leanin' her face down onto ther' marble shelf, an' I could see that she was a-tremblin' all over. An' purty soon she said, kinder broken like and very low: "An' Arthur would 'a' saved me all this ef I'd 'a' listened to him. O! why didn't I b'leeve him? Why was I so hasty an' unjust to him?" But jus' then I seed that ther' "p'ble peace" w'ere safely out uv the way, an' feelin' that I hadn't no further call fer tarryin', I skinned off home.

That all?—Well, 'bout "Ceptin' t'other day, spellin' out ther' headin's uv a noospaper w'ile a-waitin' fer a blackin' contrac', I seed ther' notis uv a swell weddin' between Mister Arthur Morton an' Miss Nillie Harman. So long! There's a gent a-beckonin' fer me, an' I 'spect he wants a shine.—Dennores's Magazine.

## POWER OF MEMORY.

Facts in Proof of the Existence of Plurality of the Attribute.

It is manifest that there is not one memory only, but many memories, in each mind, and that one kind of memory is pre-eminently developed in one person and another in another. "Memory," says Ribot, "may be resolved into memories, just as the life of an organism may be resolved into the lives of the organs, the tissues, the anatomical elements which compose it." Referring exclusively to the perceptive faculties, we need only mention a few thoroughly recognized facts in proof of this statement. Persons having a strongly developed organ of what the phrenologists call "individuality" receive peculiarly distinct impressions of external objects, and, therefore, of persons; hence they immediately recognize them on seeing them again and easily picture them to themselves from memory. Persons abundantly endowed with the organ of "locality" exhibit an astonishing power of finding their way in regions previously unknown to them and of remembering the character of those they have visited. Persons thus endowed, when strongly impressed by the contents of a passage in a book they have read, remember exactly the part of the page in which the passage occurs, and whether the page itself be a left hand or a right hand page. The number of degrees of capacity of perception and recollection of colors is scarcely less remarkable—the power of recollection of them being always proportionate to the power of perceiving them and signaling their differences. Similarly, he who possesses the musical faculty in an eminent degree possesses in a like degree the power of learning and remembering the pieces of music to which his attention is directed. A striking proof of the distinctly individualized character of our various faculties and memories is presented in the often observed fact that the perception of time, though both alike essential in the mental constitution of a good musician, differ greatly in their relative strength in different individuals—so that while one may be a skillful musician he may be an indifferent timeist, and vice versa. In the former case the orderly succession of notes of a musical passage is easily remembered, but the time intervals, which are a distinctive feature of it, are remembered less easily; whereas in the latter case the memory of time is stronger than is that of tune. Equally notable is the fact that persons who are especially able as calculators recollect numbers with peculiar facility. Moreover, persons especially gifted with the faculty of language have a proportionate facility of recalling words and of quoting from memory long passages which they have previously heard or read: "Cardinal Mezzofanti, who is said to have known more than one hundred different languages, used to declare that he never forgot a word that he had once learned."—Westminster Review.

**Greenland's Icy Mountains.**

"I heard an odd story the other day about Bishop Heber's beautiful hymn, 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains,'" said a well-known Cincinnati. "What is it?" "It relates to the music for the hymn. You remember that Bishop Heber wrote it while in Ceylon in 1824. About a year later it reached America and a lady in Charleston, S. C., was struck with its beauty. She could find, however, no tune that seemed to suit her. He remembered a young bank clerk, Lowell Mason, afterwards so celebrated, who was just a few steps down the street, and who had a reputation as a musical genius. So she sent her son to ask him to write a tune that would go with the hymn. In just half an hour the boy came back with the music, and the melody dashed off in such haste as to this day sung with that song."—Cincinnati Star.

**Greenland's Icy Mountains.**

"I heard an odd story the other day about Bishop Heber's beautiful hymn, 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains,'" said a well-known Cincinnati. "What is it?" "It relates to the music for the hymn. You remember that Bishop Heber wrote it while in Ceylon in 1824. About a year later it reached America and a lady in Charleston, S. C., was struck with its beauty. She could find, however, no tune that seemed to suit her. He remembered a young bank clerk, Lowell Mason, afterwards so celebrated, who was just a few steps down the street, and who had a reputation as a musical genius. So she sent her son to ask him to write a tune that would go with the hymn. In just half an hour the boy came back with the music, and the melody dashed off in such haste as to this day sung with that song."—Cincinnati Star.

**Greenland's Icy Mountains.**

**Greenland's Icy Mountains.**

**Greenland's Icy Mountains.**

**Greenland's Icy Mountains.**

**Greenland's Icy Mountains.**

**Greenland's Icy Mountains.**

**Greenland's Icy Mountains.**

**Greenland's Icy Mountains.**

**Greenland's Icy Mountains.**

## S. JACOBS OIL

For Neuralgia.

NEW, PERMANENT CURES.

For Years. Palestine, Ohio, June 27, 1888.  
Suffered constantly for several years with neuralgia, all remedies failed; tried St. Jacobs Oil was cured. No return in 6 months.  
S. S. FEINBERG, P. M.

Never Again. St. Albans, N. H., May 15, 1888.  
My wife was troubled with neuralgia and after using one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil was never troubled again.  
HENRY BECKMEYER.

After All. Rutland, Ill., May 21, 1888.  
Have known cases of neuralgia given up by doctors to be cured by St. Jacobs Oil.  
J. M. SELL, Druggist.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

## MARVELOUS MEMORY

DISCOVERY.

Only Genuine System of Memory Training.

Four Books Learned in one reading.  
Mind wandering cured.  
Every child and adult greatly benefited.  
Great inducements to Correspondence Classes.  
Prospectus, with opinions of Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, the world-famed Specialist in Mind Diseases, Daniel Greentree Thompson, the great Psychologist, J. M. Buckley, D.D., editor of the Christian Advocate, N. J. Richardson Proctor, the Scientist, Hon. Judge Gibson, Judge F. Benjamin, and others, sent post free by  
Prof. A. LOISELLE, 237 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

ELLY'S CATARRH

Cream Balm  
Cleanses the Nasal Passages  
allays pain and Inflammation  
Heals the Sores, restores the Sense of Taste and Smell.  
Try the Cure HAY-FEVER

A partible is applied into each nostril and agreeable. Price 50 cents, at druggists; by mail, 60 cents. ELLY BROTHERS, 35 West Street, New York.

**CURED OF SICK HEADACHE.**  
"I have been a great sufferer from Headache and Sick Headache, and have tried many medicines, but

**Tutt's Pills**  
is the only one that gave me relief. I find that one pill acts better than three of any other kind, and does not weaken or gripe. Elegantly sugar coated. Dose small. Price 25 cents. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.

**TRUSTEE'S SALE.**  
Whereas, William E. Carpenter and Fannie W. Carpenter, his wife, by their certain deed of trust dated the ninth day of August, 1887, and recorded in the recorder's office of Pettis county, at deed book 52, page 570, conveyed to the undersigned trustee, their right, title, interest and estate, in and to the following described real estate, situated in the county of Pettis, state of Missouri, viz: The southeast quarter of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section twenty-seven, in township forty-six of range twenty, containing eighty acres, which said conveyance was made to secure the payment of a certain promissory note with interest, notes or coupons attached and in said deed described. And said conveyance further provided that in case of default in the payment of any interest note when due, that the whole debt should at once become due. And default having been made in the payment of an interest note, due February 9th, 1889, whereby said principal note is now due and unpaid, now, therefore, in accordance with the provisions of said deed of trust, and at the request of the legal holder of said note, I shall proceed to sell the above described real estate at the court house door, in the city of Sedalia, in the county of Pettis, state of Missouri, to the highest bidder, for cash, at public auction, on

FRIDAY, THE THIRD DAY OF MAY, 1889,

between the hours of 9 in the forenoon and 5 in the afternoon of that day, to satisfy said note, together with the cost and expense of executing this trust.

JOHN D. CRAWFORD, Trustee.

Dated this 1st day of April, 1889. 4-2w5

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration of the estate of George Otten deceased, were granted to the undersigned on the 11th day of March, 1889, by the probate court of Pettis county, Missouri.

All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them for allowance to the administrator, within one year after the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within two years from the date of this publication, they shall be forever barred.

This 11th day of March, 1889.

WM. KAHR, Administrator.

3-19 w4t

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Henry Pulaski, deceased, will make final settlement of his accounts with said estate as such administrator at the next term of the probate court of Pettis county, Missouri, to be held at Sedalia in said county, on the 13th day of May, A. D. 1889.

JOHN R. CLOFTON, Public Administrator.

4-2w4t

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, executrix of the estate of Mamie E. Mockbee, deceased, will make final settlement of her accounts with said estate as such executrix at the next term of the probate court of Pettis county, Missouri, to be held at Sedalia, in said county, on the 13th day of May, A. D. 1889.

MRS. S. J. MOCKBEE, Executrix.

4-2w4t

## CONNECTICUT MUTUAL!

Life Insurance Company.

The BEST and the CHEAPEST.

Forty years old. No misleading ESTIMATES. Paid up and cash values are written in every policy and GUARANTEED.

B. H. INGRAM, District Agent, Sedalia, Mo.

P. H. SANGREE, HENRY LAMM, Notary Public.

Sangree &amp; Lamm, LAWYERS

OFFICE: Pettis county bank building, front rooms, up stairs, 309 Ohio street. 1y

W. D. STEELE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SEDALIA, MISSOURI.

617 St. Charles Street, St. Louis, Mo.

ESTABLISHED 1857. (REGISTERED).

A REGULAR GRADUATE of two Medical Colleges, SPECIALIST IN CHRONIC, NERVOUS, SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES for 30 years, as City Papers prove and old residents know. EXAMINE THE DO NOT DO NO EXPERIMENTS ARE MADE. Consultation at Office or by mail, free and invited, strictly confidential. Medicines sent by mail, but express charges "Care-ful" secure from observation. Beware of cheap "Cure-alls." Judicious Medication and Skill will Cure.

NERVOUS ORGANS WEAKNESS, FAILING MEMORY, LACK OF ENERGY, PHYSICAL DECAY.

BLOOD &amp; SKIN DISEASES, ALL FORMS.

Affecting the Body, Nose, Throat, Skin and Bones, Itching, Nausea, patches in mouth, Eruptions, Rheumatism, Pains, Gout, Stricture, Cancer, Ulcers, Pains, Stomach, Liver, Kidney, Bladder and Kidney Diseases, MILK URINE, BLINDNESS, PAINFUL SWELLINGS, VARICOCELE, quickly relieved and radically cured.

Send for Question List No. 1, free.

KIDNEY AND URINARY

CATTARRH, THROAT, NOSE, LUNG DISEASES

Cause: Some fault in organism. Cure based on scientific principles. Constitutional treatment and medicinal aid with care. Sufferers treated at home or at office. CONSULTATION OR ACQUIRED WEAKNESSES OF BOTH SEXES treated successfully. Also PILLS.

A friendly list sent on request. Call on or address

DR. W. H. WHITTIER, 617 St. Charles Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

DRUNKENNESS

Or the Liger Habit, Positively Cured by Administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it; is absolutely harmless, and will cure a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperance men who have taken the Golden Specific in their own homes without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. IT NEVER FAILS. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes a matter of impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist.

For sale by Wm. E. BARD, Druggist, 108 West Main street Sedalia Mo.

Health is Wealth!

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT

TREATMENT

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT

TREATMENT

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT

TREATMENT

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT

TREATMENT

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT

TREATMENT

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT

TREATMENT